

Borknagar, A Tale Of Pagan Tongue

The sun descended to the ground
Behind the mountains, in the sea
A one-eyed man wanders sullen to the highest hill
There he will survey over those surviving will
The flaming shores are yet unseen
In spite of dawn, the horizon sleeps
The sea gleams with lethal cold
Witness yourself here, alone yet bold
The night is born, the christlings thorn
The sun seems dead and somehow forlorn
And the moon lurks above
The beasts they howl her song
Told to be unchained at the day of doom
Their random laws, taught by the Gods
Are to be redeemed when He sets sail
There will forever be this ancient tounge
Primal wisdom from natures own longue
Count the shores of the utter coast
And fear peace forever most
When time is ripe to revive the past
Let us see who stands triumphant